

By Maurice Ketten



Pattern 111111. The Evening Wear:

Will you please add me with a becoming style in which we have made a smart street dress? What color and material I am forty years of age, short and stout have gray hair brown eyes, medium skin with good color. I do not care for the panel styles as I have three dresses on that order. Mrs. C. W.

This design would be pretty in a dark green woolen material with green and gray check trimmings. The slender pointed revers, pointed waistcoat, and long pointed skirt.

The bit of paper upon which he had written the message.

Hobart crept into the cottage, to this table. He lifted the mass of paper and held it near the fire, studying what Elen had written. The dots were arranged in two columns, dots, arranged in groups and rows. There was a variation also in the length of the spaces between the dots. He was not a mathematician, but was not haphazard; but Had wanted no time in studying the dots for Elen had written words in the code. The dots represented, he had begun the translation of the message they conveyed.

He lifted the dots Elen had written and looked at the full data of the message.

The words broke off abruptly, but Hobart could only guess at the rest of the message, but what he read brought single words of comfort to his eyes.

Elen had received orders to start at once to some superior

"from the cottage and hurried toward the beach.

His came to the breakwater and found what he expected; that Eben's canoe was gone. There was no sign of Lieut. Morse. The tide was out and Hobart went quietly down the grove toward low water.

Half way there the Lieutenant confronted him suddenly, a black figure against the white curtain of the fog. Hobart whispered: "Where is he?"

"Which way?"

"Northeast."

"The monument?" Hobart cried.

"Here," he followed him.

Hobart up the beach to where the Point lay, and he and Morse hurried it down to the water. Both climbed in, and they rowed precariously over the rocks, changed from the Point to the large rowboat, and floated into the fog in the direction of the monument. Hobart was rowing, but his caution for the windward side gave all his efforts to speed.

An hour later the two men realized that they had hopelessly lost their way in the fog. The sound of the sea was faint, and the stars distant and dimly. They could not be sure of the direction, and they could not seem to draw any nearer to the shore.

Even Hobart rate up in the end. He swore. "Nothing to do but wait," he mumbled, he said, "Wait till the fog lifts."

"It will only brought my compass," the officer growled, and Hobart nodded grimly.

"Next time we will," he said, and they were cold for all their oilskins, but after a time they dozed, and then slept in the drifting boat.

A sudden lurch of the little craft awakened Hobart. He scrambled to his knees.

A slim, dark shadow of a ship was vanishing in the fog; a long, narrow craft with a low deck and a high cabin. It was the ship.

"Submarine!" he whispered, caught by the officer's arm and shook him into wakefulness, pointing. Morse saw a disappearing glimpse of the submarine as the ship disappeared.

"How slow we waited me," Hobart whispered.

"Did they see us?"

"No, not this close."

If they did, they'll come back hunting us. Remember that fishermen." Hobart whirled and caught the oars, and began to row desperately and blindly.